

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

Judge Rumhauser is Always the Widow's Friend

By Tad



Married Life the Third Year

Mrs. Morrison, a Buyer of Millinery, Rents Helen's Spare Room.

By MABEL HERBERT URRER.

The expressman banged the big trunk through the narrow hall and into the spare bedroom.

"Oh, wait, you'll tear the carpet!" There! And Helen threw back the corner of the rug as the man dragged the trunk across the room.

"Where'd you want it?" druffy.

"You'd better put it over there. Wait—I'll move this stand."

The man shoved the trunk into place, wiped his forehead on his sleeve and then drew from his hip pocket a soiled excess book.

"Sign here, m'am," pointing to the line with a grumpy finger. And then he pocketed the book and hurried out.

It was a huge trunk, strongly made and much traveled. It was battered and warred and covered with many labels. And it looked oddly out of place in Helen's dainty blue and white "spare room"—now a rented room at \$8 a week. With something like a sigh, Helen straightened down the rug, adjusted the blind exactly even with the window sill and gave one more glance in the closet to see if the shelves were dry. Everything had been taken out that morning and Della had washed off all the shelves. The bureau drawers, too, had been emptied and lined with clean white paper. And now the room was all ready for its new occupant, who had said she would come about 8.

Eight dollars a week! All morning as Helen worked she had been thinking of what she might do with that money. With her training in economy she could make \$4 a week go very far. And it was that had decided her to take Mrs. Morrison in spite of the feeling that she was not at all the person she would have chosen for a roomer. But after all she would be there very little. She was a buyer of millinery, and would leave early and not get home until late.

Helen had come in contact with very few business women, and yet she could not help thinking how different was Mrs. Morrison, with her rouge and powder and rather striking clothes, to the severely plain and businesslike person she had always pictured a buyer to be.

As yet no one but Della knew of this "room renting" venture. And until she had it for a week or so, Helen did not want any one to know. Warren, of course, was not to know at all. His last letters inferred that he would have to stay out there at least two months longer. And Helen had rented the room with the understanding that it might be for only two months.

Two months at \$8 a week would be a little over \$4. To Helen that seemed just now a great deal of money, and worth all the possible discomforts of having a roomer.

At least Warren would have to send her no more money for personal expenses. The \$4 would more than make everything she would need for clothes and extras for herself and Winifred.

It was almost 6 before Mrs. Morrison came. Della opened the door, and as Helen heard her hurrying through the hall to her room, she could not help wondering where she was going to have her dinner. She had made no inquiry as to any restaurant or boarding house in the neighborhood. But perhaps she would dine somewhere downtown before she came home. And this evening she would probably spend in unpacking and fixing up her things.

Helen was just finishing her own simple dinner when there was a knock on the dining-room door. She opened it to a vision of white furs and satin. For a second she hardly recognized Mrs. Morrison in the long white opera cloak and silver scarf over her hair.

"Can you tell me the nearest place to phone for a taxi?"

Helen flushed. In the few times they had ever had a taxi, Warren had ordered it.

"Why, I don't think I know the number, but the telephone boy will probably know."

"Oh, yes—where did you say your phone was? Oh, here it is," seeing it on the wall by the hall door.

"Hello. Will you order me a taxi? Yes, right away." And then turning back to Helen: "Oh, Mrs. Curtis, may I ask you to put a pitcher of drinking water in my room? I always have to have it by my bed at night."

"Why, certainly," answered Helen.

"There should have been one in there." In a few moments the taxi was announced and Mrs. Morrison hurried down. Helen had been mildly astonished at the elaborate evening gown and the order for the taxi, but she was much more astonished when a little later she went into the room to take the pitcher.

Never had she seen a place in such cyclonic disorder. The big trunk stood upright on the floor, and dresses, waists, hats and slippers were strewn over bed and chairs and table. Everything was covered with a confusion of feminine apparel. In her hurry to find what she wanted, it was evident that Mrs. Morrison had simply pulled things out and thrown them anywhere.

Helen gazed about in wonderment. Never had she seen so many satin slippers—most of them soiled—and never so many elaborate evening gowns—none of them fresh.

The bureau was simply covered with bottles and jars and boxes of various toilet preparations. And what as that curious attachment screwed into one of the electric light sockets? Then Helen saw that it was a curling iron heater—two from lay beside it. A large eiderdown puff lay outside of its white ivory box filled with pink powder. And there were combs and brushes and manicure articles. Helen had probably never seen so many things for the toilet, and certainly never in such painful disorder.

She longed to straighten up the room. All of her neat and orderly instincts were outraged by such disorderly confusion. How could any one live like that? For the rumpled appearance of everything showed that this was their usual condition.

Helen stepped over a pair of blue satin slippers to place the pitcher on a stand by the bed, then turned out the light and left the room.

Later, as she brushed her hair for the night before her own orderly bureau, with its few simple toilet articles arranged in neat precision, she wondered how Mrs. Morrison could sleep in a room like that.

She herself could never go to bed until all her clothes were carefully put away. She thought of how this very trait had so often irritated Warren. How he used to roar at her to come to bed. Even now she could hear his—"For Heaven's sake turn out that light and come to bed! You always potter around half the night—I want to get some sleep."

And yet if he was only here! She knew she would welcome his most curt impatience if only he could be with her. For the moment she forgot even her hurt pride and fieron indignation at his recent letters about the expenses. She forgot everything except her love for him. As she reached up to turn out the light she stared through the darkness toward the bed—its smooth emptiness filled her with a keener sense of her loneliness.

It was after midnight when she was aroused by the opening of the hall door. In the half daze of the sudden awakening—for a second her heart leaped with the thought that it was Warren! She stared through the darkness toward the door—expecting him to enter!

But as the steps passed by down the hall—in a flash came back the sickening realization of things as they were. It was only the woman to whom she had rented her spare room!

TEACHES SWIMMING IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

The United States government has ordered an army officer to the University of Kansas to study the system of teaching swimming that is used by Dr. James Nalemith, head of the department of physical education at the university. Dr. Nalemith asserts that a man can be taught to swim in fifteen minutes. This assertion has aroused interest in all parts of the country, and the office of the department of physical education of the university is keeping a watchful eye for information. "The system that I have adopted in teaching swimming is very simple," says Dr. Nalemith. "It simply goes back to the foundation principles. All animals, excepting man, swim in the same position that they walk. Teaching man to swim resolves itself into two factors. First to keep the body in a horizontal position, and the second principle rests on the fact that when a heavy body strikes the water in a slanting position with an impetus almost parallel with the surface it is almost impossible for the body to sink."—New York Tribune.

"My Hat's in the Ring"

By Tad

AS OAT A BAR SAYS
"AN EMPTY BARREL MAKES THE MOST NOISE"

Gabbydils.

JERRY M'GUE WAS ROUND SHOULDERED AND HE WAS SILENT. THEY SAY HE GOT ROUND SHOULDERED FROM CLIMBING IN AND OUT OF PATROL WAGONS. HE SAID HE GOT THAT WAY FROM WEARING TIGHT VESTS. HE NEVER SAID MUCH, BUT ONE NIGHT HE RUSHED INTO THE MERRY MUGLAGE PARLOR ON THE CORNER AND BARKING HOARSELY PIPIED IF THE BEAN STON DRUGGISTS WERE GOING TO THE CONVENTION AT CHICAGO AND THE TRAIN WAS LATE WOULD THAT MAKE THE APOTHECARYS WEIGHT?

BILLY MOORE WALKED ALONG THE MAIN STREET OF FREMONT ON A CONSIDERABLE BOULEVARD AND BILLY IS SOME MOORE AT ANY RATE BILLY WAS DEEP IN THOUGHT HE WAS ALL DALLED UP IN IT FINALLY HE TOOK OUT A PENCIL AND A PAD HE'D WRITE A DAVEY AND HE DID THIS IS IT AND HE'S SENTENCED TO THE MINES OF SIBERIA IF APRIL IS ALL FOOL'S DAY IS JULY A PUNK DAY?

UP WITH THE MACKIN'S BOYS. SOFT BOILED EGGS TO DAY.

ALL WAS STILL ALONG THE PICKET LINE SAVE THE TREAD OF THE SENTRY MOSEVING ON A STRAIGHT LINE FROM TREE TO TREE. WOOF!! HE HEARD A BARK. HE STOPPED. COCKED HIS TRUSTY GATLING AND TURNED HIS LISTENER TOWARD THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE HE HEARD HIS BREATH A VOICE WHISPERED SLOWLY DID THE BOY BANDIT GET PINCHED FOR HOLDING UP THE BRIDES TRAIN?

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

HO-HO, I'M IN SORT NOW- I'M THE DISTRICT M'GR FOR A PHIL PUBLISHING HOUSE NOW. DONT SHOW UP TILL 3 A.M. THEN I REAP AND ANSWER THE MAIL FROM 5000 DISTRICT AGENTS THEN I APPOINT NEW DEALERS

FIGURE MY INCREASE REPORT. THEN WRITE LETTERS TO CUT OFF \$500 EXPENSES THEN SEND ADV MATTER TO THE SUBAGENTS. SHOW CUSTOMERS THROUGH OUR NEW BUILDING

INTRODUCE THEM NOW LISTEN TO THEIR STORIES OF EARLY HARD SHIPS. SEND 100 TELEGRAMS. PLAY BRIDE AT THE BOSS' HOUSE WITH A LOT OF GABBY PASTS AND AT 3 A.M I'M DONE

GEE!! YOU'RE A LIKKY GUY

YEP NOTHIN TO DO TILL TOMORROW

March Astronomical Happenings



ASTRONOMICAL spring begins on the 21st at 5:23 p. m. when the sun passes through the Vernal Equinox and day and night are equal. The sun rises on the 1st, 15th and 21st, respectively, at 7:01, 6:28 and 6:12 and sets at 6:12, 6:28 and 6:44, thus making the days 12 hours 11 minutes, 11 hours 59 minutes and 12 hours 21 minutes long on these dates, an increase of an hour and twenty minutes during the month. The sun is twelve minutes thirty-four seconds slow on the 1st, nine minutes seven seconds slow on the 15th and four minutes nineteen seconds slow on the 21st.

Mercury is evening star during the whole month and reaches its maximum elongation from the sun of nearly nineteen degrees on the 27th. This will be the best chance of the year to see the planet in the evening sky. There will be no bright stars near it, so that it can readily be identified. It will then be about twice as bright as an average first magnitude star.

Venus is morning star. Its brightness will remain pretty constant throughout the month and it will very slowly approach the sun.

Mars is evening star. It crosses the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 21st, respectively at 6:20, 6:45 and 6:28 p. m., and sets on these dates at 2:30, 1:51 and 1:15 a. m.

Jupiter is morning star and rapidly increasing its distance from the sun. It rises on the 15th at 1:07 a. m. and crosses the meridian at 5:45 a. m. It is very far south.

Saturn is evening star and crosses the meridian on the 1st, 15th and 21st, respectively at 4:41, 5:20 and 5:54 p. m., setting on these dates at 11:21, 10:42 and 9:45 p. m.

The moon is full on the 3d, in last quarter on the 10th, new on the 18th and in first quarter on the 25th. It is in conjunction with Jupiter on the 10th, with Venus on the 15th, with Mercury on the 19th, with Saturn on the 23d and with Mars on the 25th.

WILLIAM F. RIGGE.

Spring Training

By HAL COFFMAN.



Mr. Fancy Follower

By WINIFRED BLACK.

The man who left his wife and children and ran away with another man's wife is very cross, it appears, because the papers print articles about him and his somewhat peculiar ménage, and his neighbors gossip.

Oh, people, neighbors. They do gossip about things like that, and you can't stop them to save your life.

"Society is all wrong," says the man. "All hypocrisy. Why should we crucify ourselves to gratify society?"

Why, indeed; oh sane and safe philosopher, why indeed? You and your foolish little affairs mean very little to the world, why not let you go your own foolish way and forget all about you?

Because, dear, unreasonable sir, you didn't go about this particular adventure that way. You, yourself, called the whole world's attention to your little peccadillo. "Stand aside," you said, in effect, to all civilized ideas. "Stand aside. I am a law unto myself, and so ought all strong men be." But the good old patient world, which will forgive so much, forget so often, refuses to stand aside at your bidding, and so comes all this to-day.

"Other men do the same things and are forgiven." When they repent, yes. But do you intend to do that? You cannot wear a wreath of crimson roses and expect the world to treat you as a pilgrim in sackcloth and ashes.

Other men may have such affairs, but there is just this difference: Other men usually have the grace of the common sense to be ashamed of them. You are proud of your folly. That's why you must be whipped for it.

"Society is all wrong."

Of course—it always is. Every one and every thing is wrong but you and your own selfish way.

The stars that swing along the shining pathway of the mysterious skies ought to twinkle with due gravity whenever this man's momentous affairs of the heart are discussed. No levity, Jupiter, 1906 serious, Madam Venus. You are creating a wrong impression along the milky way.

The moon is all wrong, too. She doesn't shine long enough. And, pooh, what a fool of an idea this winter thing is anyhow. Winter loves violets and you are fond of roses. Let's abolish winter and set the posies blowing in January—just to please you and your fancy.

Nothing matters in this world at all—nothing but you and your happiness.

Self-control, self-respect, the keeping of a promise made to a helpless woman, the protection of your own children, the confidence of your friends, the respect of your enemies, Pooh—a mere breath blows them all away. You'll want all these things back again some day, but then it will be too late. Whiff them away now—it is your fancy.

The thing that irks about your point of view is that you do not want to pay for your fancy—and pay in the right sort of coin. Already you begin to whimper, and you haven't even begun to write the check that will discharge that debt.

These are others who would like to do the same sort of thing, but lack of your courage? Quite so.

I've seen the time when what the preacher said made me want to give a wild shriek and run along the back of the pews in a kind of frantic derision. But I knew if I did that sort of thing some one would have presence of mind enough to call the patrol wagon and have me locked up, so I refrained from following my fancy.

Must I, therefore, sit in patience, while some one who doesn't remember the padded cell in time whoops in my ear? No, I may want to scream at untoward seasons, but so long as I do not do it, I have the right to insist that all such persons as do scream, to the discomfort and alarm of sober citizens, should be taken care of in the usual way.

What if you all did whatever we wanted to do? A nice world we should find it, my masters.

What would you do, for instance, if the man next door to you, Mr. Fancy Follower, should fall in love with your own particular lady? Would you leave out the fence and say, "Bless you my children," when you saw which way the westerly wind blew?

Oh, yes, of course, you say you would, but honestly, now, would you?

Pooh, pooh, Mr. Architect, why don't you face the truth and be done with it? You are making a fool of yourself and the world is quite right to laugh at you. Some day, when your folly has burned itself out, as all such follies do, you'll wonder why you didn't have some friends kind enough to lock you up in Matteson with the rest of the temperamental folk (ill) you had a chance to come to.

It will be too late then, entirely too late, and then how blue you'll be whenever you think of the way you are talking now about poor, old decent, apologetic society.

Occasionally a splinter advances step by step until she becomes a splinter. Some women are so eccentric that they, actually say things when they talk.